

A Great Story Next Week! "FRANZ, the FRENCH DETECTIVE," by A. P. Morris!

NEW YORK Saturday Evening Post A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 440

AN IDYL OF THE KING.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

"There goes the king, so young and fair,
His smile and laugh so detonair!
He smiled on me, the rustic maid,
And I shrank from him, half-afraid,
For he is royal, and wears a crown:
His robes are trimmed with snowy down;
The ring that glistens on his hand
Would purchase all my father's land!"
The maiden looked from eyes of blue,
And saw the courtly retinue;
But more she saw: upon the grass,
Glittering like a bead of glass,
A wondrous ring! It made her start;
She felt the beating of her heart!
He lost the ring—this king of ours,
He dropped it here among the flowers.
"I'll send it to the palace; no!
I'll take it there myself, when low
The sun has sunk behind the west,
And twilight dons her starry crest!"
So to the palace went the maid,
Trembling, blushing, still afraid.
She found the king in robes of state
Beyond the lofty, guarded gate.
"My ring! ha! ha!" the monarch said.
The gentle maiden hung her head.
"I found it on the ground, beset
By many a blushing violet!"
"Nay, maid: I left it there for thee!
It fits thy pretty finger—see!"
"Here in the palace thou shalt dwell,
A rose transplanted from the dell;
No maid of honor! far above
That station in this court of love!"
The maiden quickly raised her head:
"No palace for me!" she said.
"I have a home, sire. Let me go
Back to the summer winds that blow
From morn till night across the heath,
And make it fragrant with their breath.
"Tis true our cottage home is small,
And bare, perhaps, the darkened wall;
But peace is there! My heart is free!
Here in the palace would it be?
"Nay, let me go!" she pleading said;
"And blessings on thy kingly head!"
The monarch smiled and whispered low:
"As thou hast chosen, maiden, go!"
He blushed for shame, then lost his voice
Before the artless maiden's choice!

Whom Will She Marry?

OR,
BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A RASH STEP.

"Rashness and haste make all things unsecure."

In a long linen cloak and brown straw hat, with its silk trimmings and mottled wing upon the side, Bethel Foss, when she started upon her lonely night journey, looked very plain and ladylike, and not at all likely to attract to herself any unpleasant notice.

Over her hat she had tied a thick dark veil, anxious that the moonlight should tell no tales concerning her identity; and as she hurried along the damp, fragrant country road—a little used thoroughfare, but the narrow way was free from the depot to the station, where, clasping tightly in her small gloved hand her portemonnaie, she resolved not even to buy her ticket at the Greenwilde depot, in order to avoid observation, and any outgrowing village scandal. But this course was indeed thrust upon her; for though she was already hurrying, she heard the whistle of the approaching train while still quite a space intervened between herself and the depot.

It never occurred to Beth that in this little instant might lay a Providential interdict upon the fulfillment of her plan. She thought, rather, that nothing now should interfere with her purpose, and gathering up her skirts, she ran with all the graceful speed and motion her country life had made natural to her; arriving upon the platform just in the glistening row of cars coming along, and putting to a commentary standstill, and breathlessly rushed across the up-track toward the nearest carriage.

"That's a drawing-room car, miss," called a voice from behind her, and a man sprung down upon the rails and hurried her along the track to the nearest passenger-coach, swinging her light form upon the steps, just as the train resumed its motion.

"Oh! my pocket-book!" exclaimed Miss Foss, in distress.

If Miles Haines, the station-agent, had not been sure before of the identity of the veiled lady he had helped upon the train, he was positive, as he picked up the missing valuable, and ran beside it to its fast owner, that she was none other than Bethel Foss, the parson's daughter.

The feeling of strangeness and loneliness which Miss Foss experienced as she walked into the dimly-lighted car, where there were but few ladies, and all with escorts, and many gentlemen who turned a cursory glance upon the tall, slender figure, with its neat traveling-dress and closely-veiled face, was something quite new to her. She nestled into the furthest corner of the first unoccupied seat, and presently the attention of the passengers reverted to their books and papers, or the dreams from which they had been momentarily aroused by the stopping of the train. Then, thinking it no longer neces-



"And good-by, pretty one," he added, laughingly apostrophizing Bethel from the carriage window.

say to keep herself closely veiled, Bethel threw aside her light disguise, and sat staring out at the moonlight landscape, and thinking of Harry Seawall, of her living, and her dead parent, in her heart, and of all.

She wondered where it was that Harry had gone on business, and if he had carried away with him any sadder heart than now lay within her own bosom, though she was going to meet her lover. Try as she might to put away from her recollection of his handsome, honest face, and his sincere blue eyes they would not be banished; and she seemed to feel and share, in her own soul, the pain she had given the friend of her childhood and youth.

"But I could not marry him," she moaned.

"I could only do as I have done. And, perhaps, very soon, Harry will forget his love for me, and looking back upon to-day, say, 'I am glad Bethel Foss refused to marry me!' And yet I do not like to think that he may feel as though he was wrong."

"I wonder still why it is that I am so selfish, that I must needs wish to retain all the love that ever has been mine? Shall I never find any so satisfying that I can willingly, gladly, fling all other affections aside?"

Thus Bethel sought to read, and could not, the mystery of her nature, her slowly-developing woman-soul. She knew that love was dear to her, that her life revolved in its fervent glow as a flower revels in the hot kisses of the sun; but could she ever give such passion as it pleased her to receive? Sometimes she felt, vaguely, that as yet she had never sounded the capabilities of her own heart; and, again, she believed that her girlish fickleness could be tutored by her mother, and that she could be made to love him.

But, presently, from trying to understand herself, her mind reverted to her father, as she had left him sitting in his study, overcome with weariness and grief. What will he do now, she questioned, thinking of the bitter loss that had visited their home? And what would he think if he knew where was his daughter, and on what errand bound? And, lastly, Bethel's thoughts flew on to her meeting with her dark-eyed lover. How would Rial—

"Ticket, please?"

The quick, business-like tone of the conductor interrupted Bethel's meditations. She looked up, startled.

"I have no ticket," she responded, handing him a bill.

"From where?" he questioned, looking at her scrutinizingly.

"From Greenwilde to New York," with quiet dignity.

"Max," said the younger man, "is it not time you were gathering up these traps? We shall be in the depot in five minutes, now."

"I suppose so," answered the gentleman addressed as Max, indolently bestirring himself to gather up the books and papers and crowd them into his coat pocket and sachet. "I'll put yours in with mine. You must come with me to-night, my boy."

"Oh, it is not worth while," dissented his companion.

"Yes it is. We will drive to the Brunswick and get a good supper, which will be a jolly treat after knocking about in the half-civilized station hotel, and there will be no sense in your going further than my rooms, after." And as the train slackened speed, and swept under the arches of the great depot, the gentleman resumed his high hat, flung his sachet carelessly over his shoulder, and, with a quick, half-curious glance at Bethel, followed his friend toward the forward door.

"Jack," he exclaimed, as they swung themselves down from the still moving train, "I'd like to know why that very pretty girl is traveling alone. By the way," he added, suddenly, "I am half inclined to keep my eye upon her, until I see her safe under some one's care. Walk a little slower."

that the affair would end in this way; Bethel Foss had been spoiled by indulgence; it hoped the person could realize that fact now; what a good thing it was that his wife had died before this dangerous influence. Greenwilde, too, though the knowledge must have come in with surprising suddenness, that Bethel's conduct had helped to kill her mother; Mrs. Foss had grieved herself to death over her daughter's self-willed preference for Andral, and the shameful way in which she had treated Harry Seawall; for, somehow, it had been an accepted fact, since Bethel had worn the shortest dresses and Harry had first donned long trowsers, that these two were to "make a match." And after all this iniquity on Bethel's part, to think of her deserting her poor father and going to the city, alone, at night, to meet her lover, by appointment, and sail with him for Europe in the morning! There was nothing concerning the movements of the person younger which Greenwilde did not desire to know, and did not consider himself bound to confide!

The preparations for the burial of Mrs. Foss had gone too far to be delayed even in the face of Bethel's dreadful absence; and every one was curious to attend this funeral, where there would be but one mourner, and to see how the good person would look and act under the double calamity that had befallen him. As the hour of service approached the church was thronged—not only with a sad and sympathizing audience, sincerely mourning the death of a gentle, benevolent lady, but with a curious, eager, gossipy crowd, as well; and when the awesome tolling of the bell announced that the funeral *cortege* had left the parsonage, and was wending its way toward the church, all eyes on the road were turned, equal to that with which the audience at a fashionable wedding awaits the coming of the full-dressed bride. Presently the clergyman, who had been summoned from a neighboring village to officiate, appeared at the church door, open book in hand, and advanced up the aisle reading aloud a portion of the solemn burial service. Following him came the funeral train; and a hardly suppressed bustle passed over the congregation, and necks were eagerly craned to see who followed the coffin to the seat reserved for the mourners.

Perhaps after all, Miss Foss had returned to attend her mother's funeral. But no! Only the parson, and just behind him the faithful Jemima, walked slowly after the pall-bearers! Mournful glances were sent from eye to eye, and to the Greenwilde population the parson's daughter was Bethel Foss no longer, but Mrs. Rial Andral.

The funeral services were lengthy and impressive; and over Mrs. Foss's coffin, down upon the fragile hands, clasped tranquilly above the peaceful breast, many sorrowing tears were dropped, beside those shed by her husband and Miss Pierce. But, despite much sincere mourning, there were strange whisperings during that period of confusion that generally occurs, at a village funeral, while the audience is looking its last on the face of the dead, and preparing to follow the carriage. In this case, not Bethel's name, but the name of the deceased, was the theme of conversation. Rumors were repeated in which the person himself was strangely mentioned; and had he not been so wrapped in grief, he might have detected some oddly-critical and even contemptuous glances cast upon him as he passed. But if Mr. Foss failed to see the curious regard of which he was the object, Jemima's eyes were more keen.

"That chap belongs to the light-fingered gentry," remarked the policeman, to himself. "I wonder what job he is looking for?" But when the "chap" in question crossed Forty-second street and took his way to the westward, the policeman allowed his further interest in him to become passive.

"Which way is Fifth avenue? I am a little bewildered."

"That," said the policeman, tersely, with a slight wavy of his hand. He did not give much heed to the young lady. His attention was engrossed by a foppishly-dressed man who had emerged from the depot and stood upon the walk swinging a cane and watching the various passers.

"That chap belongs to the light-fingered gentry," remarked the policeman, to himself.

"I wonder what job he is looking for?" But when the "chap" in question crossed Forty-first street and took his way to the westward, the policeman allowed his further interest in him to become passive.

"The lady cannot be going far," said the gentleman who had been called Jack, when he heard Bethel's question regarding Fifth avenue.

"Suppose we take a carriage to the *cafe*, and tell cabby to drive slowly? We can watch her just as we like."

"All right," assented his friend; and presently, from the open carriage window, they were watching the lonely young lady, who, having reached the broad thoroughfare, seemed sure of her way and walked swiftly and confidently.

The street was well lighted, and the moon, too, shone brightly; so that when the graceful figure turned into Forty-first street, glancing up at the numbers of the houses, Max replied to the driver's inquiry as to whether he should turn aside from the avenue.

"Oh, no; it is not worth while; drive on!

"And good-by, pretty one," he added, laughingly apostrophizing Bethel from the carriage window, as the driver gave the whip to the horses. "I must confess I should not like a sister of mine to be wandering around this way."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOST LAMB.

"Full well the busy whisper, circling round, Convey'd the dismal tidings."

WITHIN the memory of the inhabitants of Greenwilde, there had never been a funeral so largely attended, a regarded congregation, nor so slightly, as regarded mourners, as was the funeral of Mrs. Foss.

In all country villages, but, perhaps, most of all in New England village, ill-news and scandal travel with almost telegraphic swiftness.

While only a single speech, as it were, is so soon disseminated among a population necessarily spending the greater part of its time upon household and business occupations, and where there is no town-crier, nor even a morning nor evening paper, the fact still remains that in some wonderfully rapid manner the intelligence has traveled the length and breadth of the township.

So it was upon the day the parson's wife was to be buried. Every one in Greenwilde had heard of Bethel Foss's strange disappearance—her rumored elopement upon the night preceding her mother's funeral. In fact, every one knew, and, according to their own assertions, had known all along, of her infatuation for the dark, wealthy stranger, who had been staying at the Mansion House. Wise Greenwilde shook its head, and remarked, sagely, that it had always thought

"Is that all? Surely you have telegraphed?"

"Oh, yes," said Deacon Peck, "we have telegraphed to the Police Department and to the American chap."

"Oh, she has never gone to meet him!" asserted the father, momently raising his head with energy.

"Well, brother Foss, that's the light in which you look at it," commenced Deacon Strict, dictatorially; "but other folks must be allowed their views on such a subject, and it's pretty generally known that Miss Foss and that Andral chap were considerably swain on other other."

The parson leaned his face wearily upon his hand, and said, "I know her voice."

"Then you have really no news for me?"

"Very little, brother Foss," answered Deacon Strict. "Without doubt Miss Foss took the express last night, to New York. Miles Haines is sure of it. She came running up the hill, from this way, just in time to get the train, and she had on such clothes as your Jemima said she wore, with a thick vail tied over her face. Haines helped her on the cars and he thought then 'twas her; and when she dropped her pocketbook, and called out, and he picked it up for her, he knew her voice."

The parson leaned his face wearily upon his hand, and said, "I know her voice."

then it looks rather suspicious, you see, that the next time she went to the hotel to see him, and when he wasn't there got his address; and Thorne's folks know all about that."

"I can't believe it—I can't believe it!" murmured the father, though he saw how dreadfully facts told against Bethel. But Deacon Strict proceeded, inflexibly:

"The fellow had gone away that morning, and on his way to the cars posted a letter to Miss Foss. Sam Travers stamped it. Presently in comes Harry Sewall, and says he'll bring up your mail, and so fetches her that very letter."

The parson groaned. He was thinking, now, of that other fateful letter Harry had brought him, and scarcely heard Deacon Strict's closing words.

"So you see, there ain't much doubt, in most folks' mind, as to where Miss Foss has gone."

"But we'll do all we can for you, brother Foss," remarked Deacon Peck, kindly; "we'll let you know the moment we get any further news—a message from the police or Andral."

"I wonder if I had better go to New York myself?" suggested Mr. Foss irresolutely, at first.

"It won't do no good," announced brother Strict, decisively.

But the clergyman made up his mind, quite regardless of the advice of this prominent member of his flock.

"Indeed, I must go! I must go!" he said, getting up and walking the floor, nervously.

"I can catch the express and if any one can find Bethel I can! I will tell Jemima to pack my satchel immediately."

Deacon Strict was severely silent; but Deacon Peck remarked, soothingly:

"I don't know, after all, but it's the best thing you can do, parson. It may take your mind off your other affliction; and you knows what; after all, as you say, you're the best one to find your daughter. You get home in time for the office on Saturday night?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Foss, excitedly, as the deacons rose to depart.

That night Jemima was left to indulge her grief by herself, and to keep the parsonage free from intruders. While Mr. Foss was being whirled toward the great city, had ample opportunity, as Bethel had had under similar circumstances, to review the startling events that had followed each other so rapidly within the past forty-eight hours. But, unlike his daughter, though suffering from severe mental and physical exhaustion, his less youthful and more robust constitution found no relief in sleep. So, thinking busily, his mind dwelt on the remarkable fate which had drawn back to Bethel a mother just at the time when she had lost one; and again he wondered, as he had in those first moments of wild apprehension at Bethel's flight, if it could be possible that his daughter had seen and been influenced by the letter from the lawyers, relating to Madame De Witt—as that lady still preferred to call herself, in consideration of her long absence from marital ties. Though Mr. Foss would fain have dismissed this suggestion as indignantly as to his friends, he had discussed the one relating to Bethel's elopement, he felt that both theories must receive a hearing, as examination of his hands and he determined that his first act, upon arriving in the city, should be to answer the letter he had received from Tremaine and Merritt, and demand of them any knowledge they might have of Bethel's whereabouts.

From the conductor he received an identification of Bethel and the assurance that she had journeyed to New York. Arriving at Grand Central Depot he hoped to obtain some clew to her movements; but, gaining none from the night officials, as he strode out upon the walk he sought him of inquiry of the policemen. That protector of the public peace, after evident earnest cogitations, failed to recollect having seen a young woman upon the previous night as the gentleman described.

"But," remarked the M. P., "you might ask the cabbies. If some chap met her, they'd been most likely to take a conveyance."

Mr. Foss turned to prosecute some inquiries in that line, when the policeman's memory suddenly revived.

"See here, mister!" he said, arresting the parson with a tap upon the shoulder. "I believe I've struck the very young woman, now, tall, with a quiet sort of voice, and a traveling cloak, but no baggage?"

Mr. Foss stopped.

"There ain't no use you're asking the cabs. She came up to me, and asked the way to Fifth avenue, and walked off, right smart, alone. I had my eye upon a suspicious-looking chap, at the time, and that's what made me forget the young woman; but I remember, now, she went off alone."

And the policeman sauntered away, leaving Mr. Foss to cross over to the Grand Union Hotel, where, before throwing himself upon the bed in the room assigned him, the clergyman dictated a letter to Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt.

CHAPTER IX.

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"Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

"You have news for me?"

It was Cecile De Witt who asked the question, advancing to her visitor with extended, welcoming hand—graceful, elegant, as always, but eager, and with an odd little flane of color flickering, like the light of a candle, in the lamp against the creamy purity of her perfect cheeks. The gentleman whom she addressed was the head of the law firm who had undertaken the management of her affairs; and the unusually early hour at which he had presented himself, coupled with the very fact that he had come in person, instead of sending her a message, had excited Madame De Witt with the hope that he had some important communication for her.

Mr. Tremaine took the seat to which his client motioned him, while she sunk with languid bewitching motion into a great satin chair near.

"A little, madam," he replied, courteously. "But nothing as yet that you can't hear."

"You do not know," trifles away,

"that Mr. Foss has refused to allow any intercourse between myself and our daughter? He has, I suppose, that power until she is of age; but by the laws of this state a young woman attains her majority at eighteen, does she not? He cannot interfere with our meeting long."

"You are jumping altogether too rapidly at conclusions, madam," said the lawyer, with a smile which seemed to add—but that is a woman's way. "Mr. Foss is in town, and has written us; but not in regard to giving his client to your guardianship."

"He wishes an interview, then, with me," suggested madam; with a slight drawing of her tones, as if no other perceptible change of manner could indicate what might be her feelings at the prospect of meeting the husband from whom she had been absent so long.

"No, madam; if Mr. Foss desires an interview with you, he certainly did not communicate any such wish to us. He announces that his daughter has suddenly, and mysteriously, left her home; and asks if we can give him any clew to her whereabouts. He is, I think, quite suspicious that the event may have occurred through our, or your, agency." And the lawyer paused and glanced intently at Cecile's face.

A charmingly soft and appealing light came to the lady's eyes, and a pleasant little rippling came to her lips.

"I think you, Mr. Tremaine, will exonerate me from all blame in this matter. The idea of obtaining the society of my daughter, except with her own and her father's full consent, has never occurred to me. As my confidential friend and agent, you are fully acquainted with every step I have taken in this matter, since all have been directed through your suggestion and advice."

"Then, perhaps, it is as well for me to see Mr. Foss, and disburse his mind of any idea that you are in the least cognizant of his daughter's movements. Do you care to see his note? I

brought it with me, thinking it might possibly be of interest to you."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about Bethel's disappearance."

"Nor will you gain much information through this," said Mr. Tremaine, as he handed his companion, inflexibly:

"The fellow had gone away that morning, and on his way to the cars posted a letter to Miss Foss. Sam Travers stamped it. Presently in comes Harry Sewall, and says he'll bring up your mail, and so fetches her that very letter."

The parson groaned. He was thinking, now, of that other fateful letter Harry had brought him, and scarcely heard Deacon Strict's closing words.

"So you see, there ain't much doubt, in most folks' mind, as to where Miss Foss has gone."

"But we'll do all we can for you, brother Foss," remarked Deacon Peck, kindly; "we'll let you know the moment we get any further news—a message from the police or Andral."

"I wonder if I had better go to New York myself?" suggested Mr. Foss irresolutely, at first.

"It won't do no good," announced brother Strict, decisively.

But the clergyman made up his mind, quite regardless of the advice of this prominent member of his flock.

"Indeed, I must go! I must go!" he said, getting up and walking the floor, nervously.

"Only upon the same grounds for which strange absences and flights of young ladies of that age may often be accounted for."

Madame De Witt darted the lawyer a swift glance.

"I hope," she remarked, quietly, "that my daughter is not emulating her mother's folly."

"I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Tremaine, with real warmth and earnestness, "I hope you will be so gracious as to believe that I had forgotten your own unfortunate history, and not the slightest idea of referring to it."

"I shall believe what you wish me to," said his client, with her usual charming grace; "but I cannot forget that I deserve the reproof which your words seem to convey; and you can imagine how terribly I should deprecate my daughter's following in my footsteps. I hope it is not so; but that this absence of hers may be accounted for in some other way. For, oh!" she added, with sudden fervency, "now that I have come to think with a more certainty of knowing her and loving her, how can I scarcely understand how intensely I desire to find her in that my fondest wishes picture."

"I trust that you will not be disappointed, madam," the lawyer responded, warmly, as he arose to go. Then he continued, in a more business-like way, "Is there any message that you wish me to convey to Mr. Foss?"

Madame de Witt hesitated. "Perhaps, if he desires an interview relating to the proposal I made concerning my daughter, you would arrange to have it take place at your office, or, at least, in your presence, since it is of necessity, be somewhat trying to both of us; and say that we will go to him to learn something concerning Bethel's disappearance."

The lawyer promised in every way to consult Madame De Witt's interests at the coming interview, and hastened to meet the former husband of his fair client. But he found less to accomplish at this visit than he had anticipated.

At as early an hour as he had deemed at all practicable Mr. Foss had dispatched his hurriedly-written note to the office of Tremaine and Merritt, and then had started out to follow up that clever clue to Bethel's disappearance in favor of the probability of which the Green-wilde people had adduced so many facts. He had written to obtain the address of Rial Andral; and was to number West Forty-first street, that he took his way, immediately upon finishing his light breakfast.

When he mounted the broad flight of stone steps that led to number—and read the name upon the door-plate—Pedro Andral—he stood, a minute, aghast, and overcome by a host of unpleasant recollections. Recovering himself, he rang the bell, and inquired of the waitress, who answered his summons, for Mr. Rial Andral.

"He sailed for Europe yesterday," replied the servant, with a stare of surprise.

"Then there ain't no use you're asking the cabs. She came up to me, and asked the way to Fifth avenue, and walked off, right smart, alone. I had my eye upon a suspicious-looking chap, at the time, and that's what made me forget the young woman; but I remember, now, she went off alone."

And the policeman sauntered away, leaving Mr. Foss to cross over to the Grand Union Hotel, where, before throwing himself upon the bed in the room assigned him, the clergyman dictated a letter to Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt.

A SOLOITA diamond, in whose fathomless

glories gleamed and fretted a thousand prisoned

glories of hue, set high in a chased band of gold, and circling a slender blonde fore-finger at which Florence was looking with all her happy heart in her bonny brown eyes.

It meant so much, that ring on her finger. It meant everything, all things to her, because it represented Ernest Howell's love, because it meant that she was to be Ernest's wife one day.

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The parson groaned. He was thinking, now, of that other fateful letter Harry had brought him, and scarcely heard Deacon Strict's closing words.

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"But we'll do all we can for you, brother Foss," remarked Deacon Peck, kindly; "we'll let you know the moment we get any further news—a message from the police or Andral."

"I wonder if I had better go to New York myself?" suggested Mr. Foss irresolutely, at first.

"It won't do no good," announced brother Strict, decisively.

But the clergyman made up his mind, quite regardless of the advice of this prominent member of his flock.

"Indeed, I must go! I must go!" he said, getting up and walking the floor, nervously.

"Only upon the same grounds for which strange absences and flights of young ladies of that age may often be accounted for."

Madame De Witt darted the lawyer a swift glance.

"I hope," she remarked, quietly, "that my daughter is not emulating her mother's folly."

"I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Tremaine, with real warmth and earnestness, "I hope you will be so gracious as to believe that I had forgotten your own unfortunate history, and not the slightest idea of referring to it."

"I shall believe what you wish me to," said his client, with her usual charming grace; "but I cannot forget that I deserve the reproof which your words seem to convey; and you can imagine how terribly I should deprecate my daughter's following in my footsteps. I hope it is not so."

"But nothing as yet that you can't hear,"

"You do not know," trifles away,

"that Mr. Foss has refused to allow any inter-

course between myself and our daughter? He has, I suppose, that power until she is of age; but by the laws of this state a young woman attains her majority at eighteen, does she not? He cannot interfere with our meeting long."

"You are jumping altogether too rapidly at conclusions, madam," said the lawyer, with a smile which seemed to add—but that is a woman's way. "Mr. Foss is in town, and has written us; but not in regard to giving his client to your guardianship."

"He wishes an interview, then, with me," suggested madam; with a slight drawing of her tones, as if no other perceptible change of manner could indicate what might be her feelings at the prospect of meeting the husband from whom she had been absent so long.

"No, madam; if Mr. Foss desires an interview with you, he certainly did not communicate any such wish to us. He announces that his daughter has suddenly, and mysteriously, left her home; and asks if we can give him any clew to her whereabouts. He is, I think, quite suspicious that the event may have occurred through our, or your, agency." And the lawyer paused and glanced intently at Cecile's face.

A charmingly soft and appealing light came to the lady's eyes, and a pleasant little rippling came to her lips.

"I think you, Mr. Tremaine, will exonerate me from all blame in this matter. The idea of obtaining the society of my daughter, except with her own and her father's full consent, has never occurred to me. As my confidential friend and agent, you are fully acquainted with every step I have taken in this matter, since all have been directed through your suggestion and advice."

"Not yet, sir; do you see those cliffs?" and the youth pointed to the overhanging rocky walls of the channel.

"Yes; what of them?"

"Did you search them when you were here before?"

"No, there was no means of reaching them."

"You are mistaken, sir. Upon the right cliff the pilot beacon that guided you last night was lighted."

"You are right. Well, what of that?"

"Upon both of those cliffs are mounted heavy guns."

"Impossible! boy, you cannot frighten by threats."

"I tell you the truth, sir—there is a strong armament up there, and brave men to man the guns."

"Nonsense."

"Captain Markham, I will prove my words; lend me your trumpet."

The boy took the speaking-trumpet and hailed:

"Ho! the cliff!"

"Ay, ay—on board the Sea Hawk!" came back from the top of the cliff.

"Send a broadside against yonder wooded hill!" again shouted the boy.

Instantly there flashed forth from the summits of the cliff a dozen bursts of red flame, and a dozen roarers resounding, while as many iron messengers sped howling above the topmasts of the Sea Hawk, and went crashing into the timber upon the hill-side.

Every face on that deck then paled. No, there were two that flushed—the youth's with pride, at proving his power, Mabel's with hope that Rafael would yet go free.

"Boy, you have spoken the truth; but those guns are for vessels coming into the basin."

"You are mistaken, sir. They command the Sea Hawk, where she now is, and can send a plunging fire upon her as she runs out of the channel and keep her in range for half a league. Will you release Rafael and his men now?"

"I will not; I will run him to gettlet going out, and bring up to the yard-arm a dozen of your ville crew to show I am in earnest."

But the youth was not daunted by the savage threat, for he quickly replied:

"Captain Markham, you lost a favorite lieutenant some time since?"

"Do you refer to Bancroft Edmunds?" asked the officer, eagerly.

"I do, sir."

"Know you aught of him?"

"Yes."

"Is he alive?"

"He is."

"Where?"

"On the island, and in the power of the buccaneers."

"Good God! can this be true?"

"It is so; and that if harm befalls Captain Redmond, the life of Bancroft Edmunds shall at once be forfeit."

Captain Markham dropped his head. The youth again held the vantage.

"Would you do this crime?" he suddenly asked.

"Ay, would I! If Rafael the Rover dies, Lieutenant Edmunds' death shall follow in the same manner! I swear it, Captain Markham."

"The one is an outlaw—a cruel corsair—the other an honored officer of the navy of the United States!"

"They both are men; life is as dear to one as to the other. Will you exchange prisoners, Captain Markham? for I now hold the winning hand."

"No; sir; that is, I will take my men and rescue poor Edmunds."

"And I will give the signal to have the Sea Hawk sink where she lies! Will you exchange prisoners, I again ask, sir?"

"I will not, sir."

"Then it shall be a *life for a life*."

Captain Markham was silent; he felt that he was in a trap, and he knew not what to say.

A seaman approached at this moment and said:

"The Rover asks to see you, sir—"

"Bring him here," and then turning to Lieutenant Redmond he said, in a low tone:

"We are in a scrape, Redmond."

"Yes, sir; but the buccaneer should not escape."

"But poor Edmunds?"

"Even if he dies, sir, the Rover should not escape."

Lieutenant Redmond is anxious for promotion at any cost; he would step into Lieutenant Edmunds's shoes."

It was Mabel who spoke in cold, sneering tones, and her words cut deep, for Ross Redmond had made up his mind to try and win the maiden for himself.

The youth heard the remarks, and a smile on his lips proved that he appreciated the situation.

At this moment two marines approached, Rafael the Rover, heavily ironed, walking proudly between them.

Captain Markham, through the open hatchway I heard all that has passed, and I came up to see if I could not arrange a compromise; and Rafael glanced fixedly at the youth, a strange light in his eyes.

The youth met the look, blushed like a young girl, and bent down his gaze.

"What terms would you wish to make as a compromise, Sir Buccaneer?" haughtily said Captain Markham.

"Your vessel is in danger, sir. My island guns, as—this youth has said, command you, and there is force enough on shore, I tell you frankly, to defeat any landing you might attempt to make, while you could not run out of here without a most experienced pilot."

"I will offer his life and gold to any man, who will I—"

"No man will accept the terms, sir."

"What do you mean to say that your buccaneer crew have such a high sense of honor that they will not accept the terms I offer?"

"It is just what I said, sir. They are below; call them up and try them," indifferently said Rafael.

"By Heaven! I'll do it! Mr. Redmond, have those sea-cutthroats brought on deck," angrily ordered Captain Markham, while Rafael the Rover calmly glanced shorward, an unfathomable look in his dark, sad eyes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COMPROMISE.

TEN minutes after the order of Captain Markham the buccaneers were ranged on deck, Roy Woodbridge taking his place near Rafael.

In their faces shone a ray of hope, for they believed all that they had done for the sloop that they might be pardoned.

"Outlaws," began Captain Markham, "your chief has led me into a trap here; his guns command the sloop with plunging shots, and he has a force on shore, and one of my officers in the power of those on the island, so you see he holds a strong advantage, though himself a prisoner."

"Now his crimes, and yours, have made you outlaws on sea and land, and you should not expect mercy; but I am willing to give not only his liberty, but one thousand dollars in gold to the buccaneer who will pilot me out of this basin, for I will pay him in spite of the guns on the sloop. Now who is the man that will accept his offer on such terms?"

The men looked at each other, and none spoke for some minutes; then one asked:

"Do these terms include Captain Rafael and Lieutenant Woodbridge?"

"Your lieutenant can accept the terms, yes—but your chief, no."

Roy Woodbridge smiled a strange smile that those who did not know him could understand.

"Well, speak out, my man—you who will take his life and the gold, for running us out to sea."

Yet no answer came, and Captain Markham, his brow darkening, continued:

"There were several of you last night, who told me that this was Rafael, when I believed him to be an American officer—let one of those men speak out."

"Still no answer, and the enraged captain cried:

"Are you such fools that you throw away your lives? What man accepts my terms? You, sir, I make the offer to you, and he turned toward Roy Woodbridge, whose face was filled with hot blood as he quickly retorted:

"And if you were not a villain at heart, sir, you would not thus suspect that I could be so base."

"This to me, sir! You shall rue it."

Roy Woodbridge again smiled, while Rafael spoke up once:

"You may, save yourself further entreaty, Captain Markham, or while I admit that those men who betrayed you accepted your liberal offer, I may as well tell you that they did not, if they would."

Lieutenant Woodbridge, there, who is on the island, alone know this channel—if I except, perhaps, two others. A calm day, with your boats ahead, all these men could not pilot the Sea Hawk to keep from drowning."

"Curses and furies! and why is it you are here?"

"My story is soon told; the tornado swept over us—the Sea Hawk I mean; we were driving directly on the island, and we were released to save the vessel."

"Why, where was my son, man?"

"He was aboard, too; he directed of course; none other could have brought the vessel in such a blow and wild sea."

"Released, you say; why, was he discovered?"

"Yes; some of the crew betrayed him as soon

as they came on board, and he was ironed with the rest of us."

"Oh, curs! curs! He will die."

"Yes, he will be taken to Havana," coolly said the Spaniard.

"And you—how did you escape, señor Spaniard?"

"I stood at the wheel with Captain Rafael and Roy Woodbridge, and not wishing to take the chances of being pardoned for our services, I sprung overboard into the sea, as soon as we were in the basin, and swam ashore."

"You were right—why did not Rafael and the others follow your brave example?"

"Captain Rafael is too honorable to be a pirate. He preferred to wait and trust to being pardoned, I suppose," sneered Ramirez.

"That will never be; he will be hung—nay, he will be broken on the wheel, for I have been condemned to that fate—I and my officers, while the men will be *garroted*; but this must not be. You say the vessel is now in the basin?"

"Nonsense."

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AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "THE FLAMING TALISMAN," "PEARL OF PEARLS, ETC., ETC.

A superb woman—a dramatic star—a son with a sorrow—beautiful, gifted and strong—suddenly abandons her career of triumph and is lost to the stage.

She reappears in the storm, terror and excitement of the last Siege of Paris, when the uprising of the Commune brought to the front so many strange elements.

A gentle child of the Studio,
An old American Artist,

become the victims of daring, subtle men, whom the troublous times clothe with authority under which they essay to wreak revenge, and consummate a villainous scheme. It is these official scoundrels who are confronted by the grand woman, who is to become their

NEMESIS AND FATE,

and the Mysterious Guardian over the Child of the Studio. Then, out of the strange and fierce associations of the Commune springs the young patriot and secret emissary, Franz, in whom we have a

Very Genius of Daring and Devotion, and whose adventures in his role of spy, lover and defender of the persecuted make him a central figure in a most eventful drama of lives, in which the wonderful woman of the boards is deeply involved—why and wherefore only the denouement of this

STORY OF TRIPLE INTEREST

unfolds. The time chosen; the characters; the situations; the passions of love, hate, revenge and ambition that are the motors of the drama—all tend to make the romance at once enthralling in narrative and commanding in its pure story strength.

Sunshine Papers.

Humbugs.

There is a story told concerning a class of collegians, that wishing to play a joke upon one of their professors who was noted for his researches in zoology, and his especial enthusiasm over that branch of the study referring to *articulata*, they put together the legs and wings, and head and body, of different bugs, forming an insect that to classify they believed would baffle his scientific skill. Upon the appearance of the learned man, to give his daily lecture to the youths, one of the class stepped forward and solemnly inquired if the professor would kindly inform them as to the name of the bug in question. Dropping his eyes critically upon the specimen for a moment, the teacher gravely replied:

"Humbug, young gentlemen."

We have never been informed as to how the crestfallen youths bore this signal failure of their joke, or whether the wise professor improved this fine opportunity for reading them a lesson upon the prevalence of humbuggery. Certain it is, if he forbore to make use of so rare an opportunity for moral philosophizing, the young gentlemen's heads must have burned under the parabolical coals of fire thereby heaped upon them; and perhaps, after all, they are slid out of the lecture-room with some little self-consciousness of belonging to that very class of material-objects which their worthy professor had so summarily and ironically named. We who have less acquaintance with science than the professor or his pupils, but, possibly, more with humanity and its inventions, know, beyond doubt, that the humbugs in the universe outnumber the Annelida, the Crustacea, the Arachnida, the Insecta, or any other division of the animal kingdom.

Humbugs prevail everywhere; old humbugs and young ones; male humbugs and female; humbugs of words and humbugs of acts; humbugs in business, in politics, in professions; in the home circle, in society, and in the church.

Humbugs!—The ancestors who tell the younger generations how much more sensible, and demure, and modest, the youths of "our day" were; and how much better the world was then, altogether. The men and women who fly in the faces of new inventions, and refuse to acknowledge the merits of any

labor-saving machines. The young men who dress like fashion-plates and never pay their tailor's bills. The young women who wear silk dresses and ragged under-clothes. The lovers who tell their sweethearts they never look at other girls, and the sweethearts who tell their lovers they never were kissed by any other man.

Humbugs!—The men who draw big salaries for holding sinecure offices. The lecturers who advocate moral reforms, and inspire themselves for their oratorical efforts on tobacco, opium or whisky. The man who gives \$10,000 to head a benevolent subscription that is to be published in a newspaper, and cuts down the porter in his store to half-pay, because the "times are hard." The women who write essays on Economical Housekeeping, the Science of Cookery, the Management of Servants, the Rearing of Children, and have no knowledge of what their own housekeeping bills are a month, how to make a bowl of gruel for a sick husband, whether their cook performs all the duties she is paid for or worries half of them out of the other servants, and never look to their nurseries often than once a day, when the babies are all asleep. The women who charge \$75 for making a dress, and pay the girls who sewed it seventy-five cents a day.

Humbugs!—The innocent victims out of all their earthly subsistence. The advertisements that proclaim certain banks and companies able to pay the "last dollar"—meaning the last of the very few they possess. The kisses ladies give to other ladies that they hate. The diamonds that many women wear. The silver plate showered upon brides. The smiles that one miss gives to another, when the first words she utters behind her back are scandal.

Humbugs!—The merchants who buy costly goods, and hire elegant stores, and intend to fail soon, and settle for thirty cents on a dollar. The men who advertise "goods at cost" (at the cost of the purchaser). The bosses who contract to do good work and then do the meanest kind of work they can. The parties who cry for "Honesty and Reform" and nominate men who are tricksters and knaves. The officials who talk of devotion to country, and devote its revenues to their own uses. The doctors who advertise their proficiency in physic and never won a diploma. The lawyers who promise to look after the interests of their clients and appropriate all their clients' property as pay. The editors who criticize a book according to the amount of money paid them by its author or publisher.

Humbugs!—The sons who talk of the "governor" and "the old man," and ridicule his peculiarities and live on his money. The daughters who read novels all day, and sit up with beau half the night, and are too delicate to help mother wash the dishes and sweep the house. Wives who wear fine dresses and new hats, while their husbands cannot afford to replace their ragged coats and breaking boots. Husbands who are always preaching economy to their families, and smoke costly cigars and spend several dollars in treating their friends and indulging in a luxurious dinner. Ladies who are sweet to a female they despise, to get some favor from her. The society that forgives a man's immorality and points the finger of scorn at his victim. The people who are near-sighted—*occasionally*. The clergymen who believe in God's love and always preach His punishments. The religion that never recognizes its like under shabby clothes. The Christians that cannot worship in plain churches free of debt, but must have magnificent temples with large debts on them.

Humbugs!—But we must leave space for some other matter in the JOURNAL.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

READING.

I ALWAYS feel more of pity than contempt for the person who has never been taught to read, for I think his life must be a lonely and miserable one, shut out as he is from so much that might please, interest and instruct him, and with the intense yearning he must have for knowledge, which cannot be gratified save at second hand, as it were. When he sees so many enjoying the perusal of a story, in book or paper, he says to himself—"Why is not all this in my youth?"

He feels himself, when past his twenty-fifth year, as though he was too old to make a beginning on the round of the ladder of learning; he has scarcely the time to attend to it, and he is mortified to acknowledge his ignorance by attending a night-school. You may say such feelings are not right—that he should not have them. I know they are wrong and that he should not have them, but he does have them; and so would you, were you in the same circumstances and laboring under the same disadvantages.

We are sick and the doctor were to forbid my reading, I might be inclined to weep like a child, and piteously appeal to his feelings by saying—"Oh, don't deprive me of my books and papers. I'll willingly swallow all the pills and powders, and all the nauseous mixtures you compound, but don't—please don't—deprive me of my reading." He might answer that it would aggravate my troubles were I to read all I desired, and I might be lawless enough to tell him—"I had rather die than give up my much-loved reading"—so deep and sweet and satisfying is the enjoyment of reading.

The tired body is often told that it needs rest when I would recommend reading. When one rests, one cannot help thinking; and when one thinks, the invalid's thoughts are not apt to be pleasant ones. At such a time we are likely to ponder over our troubles and trials, our grievances and cares. What good will that do? Reading diverts the mind and makes us forget our troubles.

Reading good works makes one better; it encourages, cheers and smooths the life-path before us. An author has a most glorious mission to perform, and in what a noble manner he performs it! We cannot be thankful enough for good works. I have books that I have read over and over again and always close them with regret that the end comes so soon. The characters seem like living personages, like near and dear friends. One of these books is "David Copperfield." Not long since Grandma Lawless found me with the book on my lap and my handkerchief to my eyes. Grandma was surprised and desired to know the cause. Brother Tom remarked—"David's child-wife, Dora, has died again. Eve always 'smiles when she comes to that part.'

In one sense he was right. Dora was dead.

But I don't "smile" at that chapter; they are tears of grief that fall. I cannot help it. I don't see how any one can help it. I didn't want David to marry again, but he did; perhaps it was right he should.

I believe that the reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" has been the cause of softening many a miserly heart—that it has drawn forth many a dollar to aid some poor and worthy being—that it has cheered many

and many a home and has gone about from town to town, and from palace to cottage, like a beneficent angel who cannot help doing good.

Ah, what a comfort it is! You should see how eagerly I pore over my multitudinous books and papers when the mail arrives; you'd think reading was my "forte." There are so many germs of thought, rays of sunshine, comforting tid-bits and charming chats in these silent companions of mine that they are the "best of all good company," guests I love to entertain. I want to know other people's ideas, thoughts, moods and experiences and not live cramped up in a world of my own feelings. Books and papers give us an exchange of ideas which we so much need. Some writer has remarked, "Of making books"—he should have added papers—"there is no end;" and I am glad it is so—if they are good ones.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Unappreciated Acts.

I SOMETIMES get to thinking that this is a hard-hearted, unappreciative world, and the more you do for it the less it acknowledges the deed. I never got any thanks for anything I ever did. I've quit, and the world and the subscriber are not on speaking terms at present.

When I was a boy I once happened to quit eating preserves on the sly, and looking over into neighbor Wiggins' lot I saw a whole school of pigs in it. Now, I thought I could do a good deed and turn them out, and Wiggins, in the thankfulness of his heart, would shower five or ten cents on me; and Christmas was visible on the far-off horizon. Well, I slipped around, opened the back gate and didn't chase those pigs out right away, and I think I run them around that back lot for half an hour in the mud, working harder than I ever did at home. But, you bet, I got them to skip out; then, out of breath and out of money, I went and knocked at old Wiggins' door; he came and I told him the good deed I had done for him by turning out the pigs, and was almost ready to reach out my hand for the recompense when he grabbed me by the collar. "You little rascal," he exclaimed, with terror in his tones, "I had just bought those pigs and put them in there, and I thought he was going to kill me, but he let me go and ran to catch the pigs, and it took a half a day to find them all and get them back."

I remember when I first came to the city. It was quite wet under foot, as it had just rained. I was deliberately walking down-street, admiring the elegant and chaste statues of Indians, and pleased with everything I saw in the plate-glass windows, including myself, when I saw a very elegantly-dressed lady before me with about two feet of her dress dragging along on the sidewalk in the mud. I thought her dress might be coming down, and that she didn't know it, so I reached down and picked it up out of the mud to hand it to her, saying—"Madam, perhaps you did not know your nice dress was drag—" But just then a parasol about the size of a circus tent with a center-pole landed across my head, and I wondered if any more six-story buildings were coming down, and I had a faint recollection of a large voice that said "You brute!" largely, and when the stars got out of my own orbs I saw the woman sweeping down-street with more wake in the mud than ever. As my aunt used to say—I "medicated" seriously on the act, and thought I had made a fool of myself, somewhere.

When a boy I accidentally read in my school reader of the boy who broke a window with a snowball and went and paid for it promptly, and the man, in admiration of the act, took him into his store and eventually made him a partner and son-in-law. So, as I was ambitious and wanted to show how much honor I possessed, I threw a snow-ball through old Smith's window and promptly walked up and rang the bell. He came out, and I told him I had broken his window, but wanted to settle the bill right away. He invited me into the house. I went with pride. He reached for a rattan cane and then for me. There seemed, on a close calculation, to have been forty canes. How he presented that cane to me—a gold-headed one it was! But, such pame! He said he had seen me aim at the window. I never after took canes to show how honorable I was.

I waited for a long time to get a chance to rescue some beautiful girl from a wet death and have her bestow on her me hand and fortune as I had read of them doing. At last I saw a female fall off a ferry-boat near shore. My time had come. I instantly sprang in. I reached her, grabbed her by the hair; it came off; it was only a switch. With great difficulty I safely landed her. Instead of covering me with a profusion of thanks she covered me with a profusion of abuse, and instead of being beautiful she was as homely as a country fireplace, and then her husband came up and wanted to lick me for saving his wife. Besides, I had seen me aim at the window. I never after took canes to show how honorable I was.

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Going along the street one night I saw a basket sitting on a doorstep with clothes in it. Thinking I might do a kind act I rang the door-bell and told the lady of the house that perhaps she had better take that basket in. Just then a little cry came out of the basket which almost made me drop it. "Take that and go right along away from here," she screamed. "What do you mean, sir, by bringing that here? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" I tried to explain, but she threatened to call the police, and then I sat the basket down on the step and ran away, and at every step "police" came like an echo dying gradually away in the distance. I don't disturb anything on front steps any more.

Only the other slippery day I saw a lady sitting on a stoop with clothes in it. Thinking I might do a kind act I rang the door-bell and told the lady of the house that perhaps she had better take that basket in. Just then a little cry came out of the basket which almost made me drop it. "Take that and go right along away from here," she screamed. "What do you mean, sir, by bringing that here? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" I tried to explain, but she threatened to call the police, and then I sat the basket down on the step and ran away, and at every step "police" came like an echo dying gradually away in the distance. I don't disturb anything on front steps any more.

Reading good works makes one better; it encourages, cheers and smooths the life-path before us. An author has a most glorious mission to perform, and in what a noble manner he performs it! We cannot be thankful enough for good works. I have books that I have read over and over again and always close them with regret that the end comes so soon. The characters seem like living personages, like near and dear friends. One of these books is "David Copperfield." Not long since Grandma Lawless found me with the book on my lap and my handkerchief to my eyes. Grandma was surprised and desired to know the cause. Brother Tom remarked—"David's child-wife, Dora, has died again. Eve always 'smiles when she comes to that part.'

In one sense he was right. Dora was dead.

But I don't "smile" at that chapter; they are tears of grief that fall. I cannot help it. I don't see how any one can help it. I didn't want David to marry again, but he did; perhaps it was right he should.

I believe that the reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" has been the cause of softening many a miserly heart—that it has drawn forth many a dollar to aid some poor and worthy being—that it has cheered many

and many a home and has gone about from town to town, and from palace to cottage, like a beneficent angel who cannot help doing good.

Ah, what a comfort it is! You should see how eagerly I pore over my multitudinous books and papers when the mail arrives; you'd think reading was my "forte." There are so many germs of thought, rays of sunshine, comforting tid-bits and charming chats in these silent companions of mine that they are the "best of all good company," guests I love to entertain. I want to know other people's ideas, thoughts, moods and experiences and not live cramped up in a world of my own feelings. Books and papers give us an exchange of ideas which we so much need. Some writer has remarked,

"Of making books"—he should have added papers—"there is no end;" and I am glad it is so—if they are good ones.

EVE LAWLESS.

Topics of the Time.

—Why, after all the fuss, there has been only one cubic mile of coal mined in England since the island was discovered.

—The richest women of the Pacific Coast are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough, their combined wealth being estimated at \$13,000,000.

—England has among her clergy millionaires and paupers. The Rev. Francis Swan, lately deceased, left \$1,750,000 personally.

—Fifty-one metals are known to exist, thirty of which are known to have been discovered within the present century. Four hundred years ago but seven were known.

—They have just discovered in Texas specimens of a new American buzzard, which the Smithsonian authorities have identified as *Buteo albonotatus*, a large and handsome hawk, very different from any hitherto known in the United States.

—In the face and eyes of the following figures, any woman says that all occupations and professions are not open to her. In the United States there are 530 females practicing as doctors, 42 as dentists, 5 as lawyers, and 68 as preachers.

—The extract of sweet fern is being substituted for sumac in tanneries at Salem, Mass., as but one tanning is required, and better coloring and finish are obtained. The only place in the country where the extract is made is at East Machias, Me.

—A man in Vermont died after suffering from dyspepsia for fifteen years. A post-mortem revealed thirteen cherry-stones imbedded in the lining coats of the stomach. The walls of the stomach, which, in their healthy state, are as thin as the blade of

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

I think, when looking up to see
The glimmering sunset softly climb,
That I can catch through golden doors,
The glimpses of the golden Time.

Far off, yet nearer than I like
It is, and is it like fate,
How soft our sunrise grows, of late!

The glories of the time advance,
And mingle in these kindling morns;
My eye lights up in sweet belief,
And cannot doubt what it discerns.

Oh, thousand years of blessed peace!
Oh, years whose coming is so sweet!
In which the very paths we tread
Shall feel the press of angels' feet!

Welcome, and knit these broken loves;
Welcome, and change these severing hates;
And of the many make but one
In this sad world that weeping waits.

Typical Women.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

All the spirit of a chivalrous age, all the romance of military adventure and knightly prowess, all the gorgeous magnificence of medieval royalty, all the dignity of Castilian pride and the gentle grace of female loveliness, gather around the person of Isabella. With the splendid endowments of England's Elizabeth, and the beauty and accomplishments of Mary Stuart, she was free from the harshness of the one, and the weakness of the other. Her lofty pride was blended with the sweetest womanly softness and engaging charms. Her haughty willfulness was tempered by generous goodness, and her piety, bordering on bigotry, was redeemed by the purity of her self-devotion. She was indeed what she was called by her people: "the Isabella of peace and goodness." She was a pure and admirable woman; she was a gracious and benign sovereign. History does not present a more interesting character; and her history is inseparably linked with events of such magnitude, as to involve the whole world in their consequences.

She was the daughter of John II., King of Castile and Leon, and was born in 1450. At the death of John, he was succeeded by Don Henry, his son by the first marriage, who endeavored to control his sister Isabella's choice of a husband. But she was then nineteen years old, and had already broached herself to Don Ferdinand, the son of the King of Aragon. They were married privately at Valladolid, and the young Ferdinand showed a vigor of mind and promptitude of action that would enable him to defend himself and his bride from the aggressions of tyranny. His selfish and unprincipled ambition was not as yet developed.

Isabella had the advantage of rare personal loveliness, with grace and dignity of deportment; great firmness of purpose, a genius for wise government, and pure nobility of soul. Her masculine energy was tempered with exquisite tenderness and sensibility of heart. Her nobles, dissatisfied with King Henry, wished to make her queen; but she refused, even though her half-brother, offended at her marriage, excluded her from the succession. On his death in 1474, she was proclaimed Queen of Castile, her husband having his share of the sovereignty. He commanded the army in the civil contest that followed till all rivalry was put down; and not long afterward Ferdinand became King of Aragon. The two kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were thus united forever. The question of precedence in titles was set at rest by the firmness of Isabella, who would not yield the dignity of her kingdom, even to the husband who possessed her love. It was decided that the titles of Castile and Leon should precede those of Aragon and Sicily.

The war of Granada was the first event of importance that occurred under the joint sway of Ferdinand and Isabella. It seems like turning the pages of a splendid romance to dwell on the record of this war. The beautiful country possessed by the Moors, a mere strip about seventy miles in breadth between the mountains and the sea, and one hundred and eighty miles along the south of Spain; its populous cities and wealthy, warlike population; its royal capital in the center of the Vega or Plain of Granada; its rich cultivation and luxuriance of tropical fruits; its range of snow-capped mountains on the side and the blue Mediterranean on the other, pouring in the treasures of Africa and the Levant; its glorious palace of the Alhambra, and the passionate love of its nobles for their terrestrial Paradise; all are celebrated in the glowing poetry, so much of which has been made familiar to us. The sweet and melancholy ballads of Andalusia are still extant. Still the echoed plaint—"Ay di me, Alhama!" touches the heart. At this period the Moorish power was on the decline; but the brave people were yet ready to die in the defense of their homes, their faith and their beloved country.

We have no space to dwell on the details of this conquest. The strong town of Alhama was the first to fall. Four Castilian nobles were distinguished for their exploits, whose names figure in poetry and romance. These were the Duke of Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; Don Alfonso de Alvarado; the Count de Cabra; and the Duke of Medina Sidonia. These were feudal sovereigns, and commanded each an army of retainers. In every campaign Isabella was present, animating her husband and his generals by her courage; providing for the necessities of the army and comforting the leaders under reverses; her pious confidence in Heaven, and her benevolent sympathy, and kindness to friend and foe, going hand in hand. She appointed surgeons paid out of her own revenues, to attend the army, and furnished movable hospitals for the sick and wounded. The numerous battles, victories and reverses, have been chronicled by one of the most brilliant pens in our literature.

In 1483, at the close of the eventful campaign of 1483 that Isabella, having retired from the seat of war, gave birth to her third daughter, the Infanta Catherine, of Aragon, who became the wife of Henry VIII. of England.

Many cavaliers of England, France and Germany, looking on this as a religious war, were eager to distinguish themselves under the eyes of a beautiful and noble queen, and came to serve under Ferdinand's banner at Cordova, Lord Rivers, of England, and Gaston de Laval, of France, were conspicuous among these, and magnificent in their appointments for battlefield or lady's bower. Isabella's court added grace and dignity to this martial pomp. Many of the ladies who surrounded her were lovely and eminent in rank; and she was attended by noble ladies of high station and influence. History wears the gorgeous colors of romance in describing this grand assemblage of prelates, nobles and fierce warriors, of high-born dames and beautiful demoiselles. Among these proud and stately dignitaries moved one in humble attire and with unpretending lowliness of deportment. He might have been scorned by lofty ladies, or thrust aside with contempt by the ambitious chiefs on whom they smiled. But he was chosen by the Powers that rules the destinies of nations and individuals to crown Isabella's reign with its greatest glory. His was the greatness that could not fade while earth remained; it was to grow brighter and brighter with the lapse of years. His mind had conceived the idea, and his will had determined to carry out the purpose, which gave the name of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS to the veneration of centuries past and to come; to the grateful admiration of the whole world!

In the spring of 1486 Columbus first ap-

peared as a petitioner in the Court of Castile. He was full of the grand speculation to which he had determined to devote his life. But few took time to listen to him. He met little attention or encouragement; and during the spring and autumn that he lingered at Cordova, though he was patronized by the Cardinal Mendoza, he failed in every effort to obtain an audience. Ferdinand was absorbed in warlike preparation, and Isabella in supplying his armies, in the administration of the revenues, and the complicated affairs of government. The magnificent views of Columbus appeared visionary beside the pressing importance of the martial movements that occupied her whole attention.

Summoned by her husband to his camp at Moclin for consultation, Isabella took her departure from Cordova, with a brilliant train, crossing into Granada. The king and grandees rode forth to meet her. "The queen was mounted on a chestnut mule, in a saddle-chair of state; the housings were of fine crimson cloth, embroidered with gold; the reins and headpiece of satin, curiously wrought with needlework. The queen wore a skirt of velvet over petticoats of brocade; a scarlet mantle hung from her shoulders; and her hat was of black velvet embroidered with gold." The ladies of the court, splendidly dressed, followed on forty mules. A Spanish etiquette and gravity marked the meeting of the two sovereigns. The chronicle of the times is full of picturesque incidents, which cannot even be mentioned here.

It was at Salamanca that the plans and proposals of Columbus were first laid before a council for consideration. All the obstacles ignorance and narrow superstition could throw in the way impeded the great navigator. Columbus again joined the court of Isabella before Malaga, which city stood a siege of more than three months. The expenses of the suitor were on this occasion defrayed from the royal treasury. Still, time was lacking for the consideration of his plans; the issue of a tremendous war hung in the balance; and the clash and din of arms, and the peril and anxieties of battle and conquest drowned every voice that promised the discovery of a distant world.

The campaign of 1488 was short and less brilliant. Isabella spent the winter at Saragossa and Valladolid, managing the domestic affairs of her kingdom, and superintending the education of her children. The Infanta Isabella and Don Juan were her companions. Joanna was subject to fits. Catherine, the youngest daughter, was at this time demanded in marriage by Henry VII for his son, Prince Arthur. Isabella was obliged, during the following year, in addition to the cares of government, to provide supplies for the army, then in the enemy's country. The energy and activity of her mind, her talents and her indomitable perseverance, were all tasked to overcome the difficulties in her way. The contractors refused to undertake the conveyance of supplies over the difficult mountain passes. Isabella constructed new roads and hired forty thousand mules; yet she did not compromise forty thousand people. The treasures of presents and conveniences were offered; she pledged her own plate and borrowed from wealthy men. To her activity, judgment and enterprise, the chroniclers ascribe the success of the war. After the siege of Baza had lasted seven months she took up her residence in the camp with all her retinue. Her presence so dismayed the Moors that they shortly after surrendered, in December, 1489.

In the following spring the sovereigns were at Seville, where the Infanta Isabella had married to the Prince of Portugal. Columbus again petitioned for aid in his enterprise, and was referred to a board of inquiry. These "scientific men" reported his scheme as vain and impossible; and advised the sovereigns by their means to engage in the enterprise. Ferdinand de Talavera took part strongly against the navigator; yet he was not entirely dismissed. A hope was held out that after the conclusion of the war, the negotiation might be renewed. But Columbus was heartsickened by this "hope deferred." Weary and disgusted by his long and fruitless attendance on the court, he had lost confidence in the indefinite promises of princes. In indignant disappointment he quitted Seville. At that time the king and queen were raising the army for the effort expected to terminate the war—the siege of Granada. While bent on terminating their contest little did they think they were letting slip an opportunity of gaining deathless fame by the acquisition of a new world!

One more Isabella was a resident of the camp before Granada. It was the last hope of the Moors to defend their beloved city, the destruction of which would blot them out as a nation. It was the last campaign of the Christian sovereigns. Many were the romantic exploits and heroic deeds, of which the beautiful Plain was the scene. Isabella had her full share of peril. In the camp before Malaga, her life had been nearly brought to a tragical close by a Moorish fanatic who pretended to be a gift of prophecy, and promised to reveal the secrets of the future, conducted to the presence of the king and queen. He had mistaken for them a noble and a lady playing at chess. At Granada a Moorish chief made a sally from the walls with some followers, galloped up to the Christian camp, leaped the intrenchments, flung his lance into the midst of the royal tents, recrossed the barriers, and galloped back to the city. His lance, found quivering in the ground, was labeled with the name of Queen Isabella.

The whole host of Christians were so indignant at this bravado, that a Castilian knight swore to retort on the enemy. He forced his way through one of the gates, and galloped to the principal mosque; of which, being told he took possession in the name of the Virgin Mary. He nailed a tablet inscribed "Ave Maria" to the portal with his dagger, sprang on his horse, and fighting his way through all opposition, regained the camp in safety. The next day Isabella and her daughters and retinue were conducted by the Marquis of Cadiz, accompanied by a powerful escort, to a rising ground near the city, where they could see the glorious Alhambra. The Moors, noticing their approach, sent out a body of young men to challenge them; but the queen forbade the combat. Then the Christians saw the fierce chief who had sent the lance into the royal tents, dragging at his horse's tall the label, "Ave Maria"—and insolently parading himself before them. The Castilians could not bear the insult. One of them threw himself at the queen's feet, obtained her permission, and charged on the foe with fury. The Moorish insulter was slain, and the fray became general. Isabella, shocked and terrified, threw herself on her knees in prayer, and her lackeys did the same. The Moors were driven back with great loss.

On another occasion, one sultry night in July, while the queen was in her oratory, by carelessness of an attendant, the silken curtains of her pavilion took fire from a taper. The flame spread from tent to tent, until it fell back helplessly, a certain ring on one of the fingers shooting a spark of light into the gloom as it did so.

Ben Brant tiptoed about the room for a minute, threw an armful of clothing out of the window, and returned to assist his confederate. Between them, they lifted the unconscious girl out of bed, wrapped about her a thick traveling rug which they had brought with them, and bore her to the window. She made no more resistance than as if she had been a log of wood. Brant climbed out, received her in his arms and held her until his friend had cleared the window, when between them, they carried the poor girl through the yard, out through the gate, to the buggy, where Alexander got in and took the reins, while Brant carefully wrapped the slim figure in more shawls and placed it beside his companion, who threw one arm about it to support it. The remainder

renewed. But many and powerful were his enemies. Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, opposed him so stoutly that the queen at last decided against him. Columbus departed in bitterness of spirit. But two of his friends pleaded for him with such zeal, that Isabella listened, and at length exclaimed: "I will do it! I will undertake the enterprise for my own kingdom of Castile! I will pledge my jewels to raise the money!"

Ferdinand had coldly refused his aid from the first. Isabella became the patroness of this misfortune.

A courier from the queen overtook Columbus, and brought him back to Santa Fe. The contract was signed in April, 1492.

On the navigator's return from America he was received in state at Barcelona, and laid at the queen's feet the fruits he had brought from the New World. Isabella took a tender interest in the welfare of the natives, described by her. She opposed the system of enslaving the Indians, and released the prisoners brought to her country. Her generous heart and upright mind revolted from cruelty toward them on any pretext.

In the mean time Ferdinand had gratified his ambition by securing the kingdom of Naples, Isabella was called to defend it, and her forces could not be collected.

The death of her mother was followed by that of her only son, the young prince Juan; her favorite daughter, Isabella, Queen of Portugal, died, leaving a puny boy to the care of her mother; and in a short time this infant, the heir of many kingdoms, also pined away and perished. Crushed to earth by her grief, the queen still endeavored to do justice between Ferdinand and his foes, received him with kindness when he defended himself, and gave him her patronage and protection when he sailed on his fourth voyage, in 1502.

Isabella's half-broken heart was tortured by the sight of the unhappiness of her daughter Joanna, the wife of Philip of Austria, and her sinking to the level of idiocy. To this added the sorrow of the bereavement of Catherine of Aragon, her consort, Prince Arthur. Isabella had the consolation of Joanna's infant, afterward the Emperor Charles V, and her religious hope saved her from despair; but her sorrows had made deep inroads on her constitution. She fell into a rapid decline. Almost her last breath was a protest against the cruelties practiced toward the Indians by the new viceroy, Ovando; and she exacted from Ferdinand a solemn promise that he would recall Ovando, and redress these grievances. After an illness of four months, Isabella died at Madina del Campo, November 25th, 1504, in her fifty-fourth year.

Her tenderness, humility and piety, with her splendid talents and royal dignity, stamped her character as interesting and illustrious. It was bright with the virtues of adorn womanhood, and the greatness of her reign. Columbus and Ximenes—owed their rise and fame to her. She was a protest against the cruelties practiced toward the Indians by the new viceroy, Ovando; and she exacted from Ferdinand a solemn promise that he would recall Ovando, and redress these grievances. After an illness of four months, Isabella died at Madina del Campo, November 25th, 1504, in her fifty-fourth year.

Do you remember a bright, dead day
Of a summer-time long since gone,
When through the trees came the sound of hay
From the fragrant fields, new-mown,
As we used to hear by the banks of a sun-kissed
stream?
That winds its silvery thread
Through the solemn woods where wild flowers
dream,
And sad winds mourned for the dead?
Do you remember a rock, moss-grown,
Above a pool where a fallen tree
Had stood to shelter a hollow moan
That echoed to the wind's low minstrelsy?
We heard the echo of lowing kine,
And the whisper of summer's leaves,
And the hazy sheen of the harvest time
Shone over the stalks of yellow sheaves?
Ah! yes, you remember these scenes that
brought you back to childhood hours,
When golden visions our fancies wrought
That faded with fall-time's flowers!
The stream drifts on through the lonely wood,
The leaves whisper soft and low,
But only the shadows in the dim solitude
Over the trysting-place come and go.

Pretty and Proud:
OR,
THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUAKERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

There was no light in the sleeping-room which aunt Ruth had given Mercedes, except that which came faintly from the starlit sky through the two muslin-curtained windows. The rose-vines outside the screen delicate bars across the casement, forming green blinds which outshaded any made by human hands; but several sharp, silent strokes with a stout stick, and the figures of two men came in the space, darkly revealed—had there been watchful eyes to see—against the starlight beyond. The sash was raised to admit the sweet, fresh air; so that these midnight intruders had no difficulty in swinging themselves into the room, which they did, and stood there, side by side, with repressed breath, peering about with eager eyes accustomed to the gloom.

Nothing stirred but their own quickened pulses. They made out a large, high, old-fashioned bed, with a white counterpane; toward this they drew, with bated breath and gleaming eyes.

Yes, there, on the pillow, was a fair young head; under the counterpane was outlined a slender figure.

One of the wretches took from his breast-pocket a handkerchief and a bottle of chloroform. The next moment the fumes of the lethargic drug floated through the room, as the handkerchief was saturated with the fluid and held to the nostrils of the sleeper. Five, ten minutes glided away. With the exception of a moan or two, a low gasp for breath, not a sound disturbed the stillness of the room, while the handkerchief was wet again and again and held to the victim's face.

At last the one who administered the chloroform lifted the little hand and lay outside on the bed-covering; it fell back helplessly, a certain ring on one of the fingers shooting a spark of light into the gloom as it did so.

"Here's her dress on a chair. I must get her shoes and stockings; and a shawl and bonnet, if I can find them."

Ben Brant tiptoed about the room for a minute, threw an armful of clothing out of the window, and returned to assist his confederate.

Between them, they lifted the unconscious girl out of bed, wrapped about her a thick traveling rug which they had brought with them, and bore her to the window. She made no more resistance than as if she had been a log of wood. Brant climbed out, received her in his arms and held her until his friend had cleared the window, when between them, they carried the poor girl through the yard, out through the gate, to the buggy, where Alexander got in and took the reins, while Brant carefully wrapped the slim figure in more shawls and placed it beside his companion, who threw one arm about it to support it. The remainder

of the clothing was bundled into the vehicle, and then the horse was untied from the fence.

"We've got her this time, sure," chuckled Brant. "I wish you joy of your wedding-trip, Bill! Don't let her take cold. Good-by."

"Yes, we'll be there on Saturday—at the Palmer House."

By this time the girl began to gasp and throw over her arms; Alexander touched the animal lightly with a whip, and off he started down the road, quickly disappearing around a turn.

Ben Brant stood a few moments looking after her arms; Alexander touched the animal lightly with a whip, and off he started down the road, quickly disappearing around a turn.

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Ben Brant stood a few moments looking after her arms; Alexander touched the animal lightly with a whip, and off he started

"Madame?" answered the startled girl.
"It was a jest," said her mistress, with a bitter, reckless laugh. "Now, Rosine, I must be off, or the one I desire to meet at Mrs. Livingstone's will have left there. Wait up for me; I shall not be long away."

The other ladies who hovered about the hostess took on a faded look when Esther Silverman presented herself. Her always splendid beauty was, to-night, more than merely splendid. The despair, love, anguish at her heart, showed through now, suffering, tortured, and superb expression and color.

The rose on her cheek was warm, the fire in her eye dazzling.

"Very poor taste of her to wear white satin, richer than mine!" complained the bride.

Esther had no thought of outshining the new-made wife. She wore her best, but it was that Gascoigne might see her in it!

As soon as possible she encased herself in a deep window-seat, and, from her nook, beheld the earl moving restlessly from room to room, evidently in search of her.

Her eyes fed on his grave, sad face; her spirit rose in protest against her own unhappy fate. Why should she not be a wife?

The gay, softy-beating, softly-repeating strain of the delicious dance measures almost made her seem all alone, so wrought to almost frenzy did she grow, gazing at the one she loved, knowing that happiness had slipped out of her grasp. Over and over to herself she murmured some verses that floated to the surface of her memory, though she knew not how they came there:

"Sure, Mister Big Fut," exclaimed Larry, in a terrified manner, "I'm thinkin' it's meself that'll go back beyond to the ranch. I'm not falin' at all well; am not used to sayin' such henishen things, as I have seen this night. God help me, I am a fool, a simpleton, a fool. Bogeyman, it's a fool I want to ever have could Ireland. How far does the likes of ye call it to the salt say, from this beast of a place? Sure, I'm famished fur fule, an' dyin' fur slope; but I clud nather nor rist wid sich murtherin' sights about me."

"Waal, Larry," said Big Foot, a broad grin overspreading his face, "make a blue streak back, if yer want, but yer can just stop at the place Wild Will war cookin' Injuns an' tell that beauty to cum up this-a-ways, an' give us a hand in fightin' yer place."

"Howly mother of Moses! I clean furgit him entirely bein' as I'd face a dozen devils with my fives before I'd go back beyond a mile av him. I'm thinkin' you can't stur wid any safety to meself, anyways, an' I'm forced to stay wid ye, anyhow," and Larry, jerking his head about in every direction, as if expecting some new horror, spurred his horse, and scrambled up the opposite bank with the others, and they halfted their animals, all dripping with water, by the tree which supported the dead Comanches.

"The sharp darts of pain that shot through Esther's head became more frequent. Once or twice it occurred to her that she was feeling much as she felt that horrible day, so many weary years ago, when her twin-sister died, and—so many other things happened.

Presently the earl, wandering listlessly about, doing his best to appear interested and pleased, for courtesy's sake, felt a strange, magnetic attraction drawing him to a certain part of the back drawing-room; he made his way through ranks of silk and jewels and saw the star-eyes of Esther fixed full upon him.

"Ah, you are here!" he said, tenderly, as soon as he could reach the side. "I have been looking for you so long that I was about to leave in despair."

"Gascoigne!" her low, thrilling voice breathed music into his name.

How beautiful, how faultless she looked! What could there be to set the sea between her and him? How her eyes shone!—dark as night, bright as diamonds.

"Esther," he whispered, bending over her, "you are a beautiful mystery to me! I do not understand why you are here to-night if you and I are to be separated. Take back that cruel message you sent me. Say to me, now, that it was a jest."

"It was no jest, Gascoigne. Something dark and dreadful lies between us. Let me whisper to you what that hideous thing is. *Murder!* My hand is red with blood. Look at it!" she tore off her glove and held up her soft, white, shapely hand, while her glittering eyes searched his face with a curious, intent look.

"You are ill and over-excited, Esther," spoke the earl, beginning to feel uneasy, half-shrinking from her fixed gaze.

"I am ill, Gascoigne. My head aches terribly. I think I shall go mad with the pain."

"Shall I call for a carriage? Will you go to the dressing room?"

"Yes, if you please, Gascoigne!"

She arose to take his offered arm. Perhaps the sudden emotion increased the pain in her head, for she gave a low, sharp scream, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"She has fainted," he cried, to those about him.

"Alas! it was worse than an ordinary fainting-fit. It was just such a deep unconsciousness as that from which she once awoke in the ravings of brain fever.

Finding that she could not be revived, her physician was sent for, and she was placed in her carriage and taken home under his care. Before long the congestion had partially passed away, and Esther was in a high fever, and delirious.

Faithful Rosine put away her lady's jewels and satin robe, and went to her bedside to watch patiently over her.

"Miss Mercedes ought to be here," she said to Mephistopheles, "but I do not know where she is, or how to find her."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

BY ERN E. STILLMAN.

A THRUSH'S SONG.

I saw a wee bird swinging, swinging,
Close by a wild brown bush—
A brown, wild thrush;
And beneath him the ripples break.

I heard this glad bird singing, singing;
And his song was loud and clear;
So freighted with joy,
With naught to cloy,

As he sung it behind the mere.

And through my heart went ringing, ringing,
A beautiful, tender strain,

The notes A-mi-ni-

Or the tinkling of summer rain.

Then went the brown bird winging, winging
Away to the flushing wst;

Oh! a maiden fair

Is waiting there—

Ah! why sings the song in my breast?

BY BUCKSKIN SAM.

(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAD AVENGER.

As Big Foot and his party were riding through the ford, the Tonkaway was just running his scalping-knife around the head of the last Indian, in the death ring about the tree, when he was grasped from behind by the huge black bear which had previously played a part in the death of the Comanches.

Raven knew in an instant the fix he was in, as the huge claws clasped about him, and a sudden twist brought himself about to face the bear, before the powerful claws met too closely around his breast.

With another desperate struggle, in which his sinews were stretched to their utmost tension, he succeeded, being on the edge of the bank, in throwing himself and the bear over the brink, and the two rolled over and over down into the water, the knife of Raven being driven between the animal's ribs to the hilt, as often as the Indian could get room to swing his arm.

Both rolled down and disappeared beneath the dark waters, in plain view of Big Foot and his party, as they were in the river crossing.

"Waal," shouted Big Foot, in an excited and

astonished manner, "if this don't beat the devil! What in their name of Crockett, are cum' in next? It's a danged queer time for her Tonk to be bär-huntin', but I reckon by their way things looks ther bär war a-huntin' ther Tonk. That animal must be an old 'quaintance an' he's a mighty affectionate cuss; he's soft on ther red, an' heav' on the hilt. Look a-ther boys by the way that water! Who's cookin' them? They're havin' a reg'lar cookin', but their drink kinder shes off ther mussels. I ain't at all skeered 'bout ther Tonk; he fall o' grit an' game till ther last. Rockon that bear'll never have round another bee-tree. Hurrah! That's our Tonk! just a claw-in' ther bank down below than, and yer can just bet that bär are fish-bait by that. Cum on, boys; our horses'll get chilled; it ar' time we

cutting as deep as her groans of anguish cut into his heart.

But a sudden commotion stirs the Comanche camp; sharp, quick signals of alarm are transmitted from sentinel to sentinel. A long shrill, piercing shriek comes cutting through the air from down the river. Warriors spring from their blankets, grasp their weapons, listen, then look with terror at each other, for they know by the sound that but a single horse is approaching the camp.

Bush and wood are thrown upon the fires, although the moon now makes the night almost as light as day.

On comes the sound of the clattering hoofs; the air is filled with yells so strange, so unlike anything they have ever heard before, that the Indians huddle together in superstitious terror.

On, on, plunged, they knew not what.

The bushes and branches crack and bend, and out into the clearing bursting from the thick border of trees, comes Wild Will—an apparition so unearthly, so horrible, so look'd for, that quivering with fear, they try to fit an arrow to bow-string, and guns shake like trees.

So frenzied and wild is the vision which breaks unexpectedly upon them that braves who have never known fear gaze with amazement and dread at the madman and maddened horse.

One wild yell—in which were blended satisfaction and bitter hatred—sprung from the lips of Will, as he bounded in among the massed Indians, a revolver in each hand, and with lightning rapidity, sent ball after ball on their errands of death.

Bear Claw sprang from the crowd, and in the confusion gained the shelter and dragged Mary into the woods, thinking the father had come for his child, and by some means would take him away from his wife.

Black Wolf, unable to form his braves, sprung toward Kit, his captive, whose eyes were full of note of everything in the strange scene before him.

The glittering steel flashed in his face, a mitered prayer was on his lips, as a hand from one of Wild Will's revolvers went crashing through the skull of the Comanche chief, who fell dead at the feet of his white enemy.

At the death of their chief, the Indians became desperate. Realizing that he who was dealing death upon all sides was mortal, and not, as they first supposed, an evil spirit from the other world, arrows and bullets now flew as thick as hail. Bear Claw, Will, and Kit, as the former leaned down from his horse and ran his bowie-knife across the thighs which bound the latter to the torture-tree.

A dozen arrows hung from the thick Mexican blanket which was secured to Will's shoulders, and flying behind, and this blanket saved the man from death many times.

From Kit could comprehend that Wild Will was cutting him free, a bell from an Indian rifle struck him, glancing and plowing a furrow along the side of his already bruised head, and rending him senseless.

With a yell of triumph Will grasped Kit by the belt, and drew his senseless form up before him.

Howls of rage filled the air, and the Indians fought each other, endeavoring to make their way toward and prevent the escape of the two whites; but, having no leader, and being so demoralized, they were but a mixed, wrangling mob, falling over their own dead and wounded.

Wild Will turned in his saddle, and with an insane peal of laughter, drove his bowie into his heart.

The animal, with a scream of terror and pain, bounded with headlong speed clear of the Comanche camp, leaving near a score of dead and dying Indians to mark the passage of the Red Trail.

The Indians were so confused at the death of so many of their comrades and their chief—that all slain by one man—that they did not know they were on the eve of a more desperate encounter.

There was but a single exception, and that was the chief, Bear Claw.

Returning from the woods where he had secreted Mary, he saw Wild Will gallop toward the west with great speed, Kit hanging before him across the saddle, like a dead man. His warriors were, he knew, in a terrible state.

He paused an instant on the border of the wood, and glanced around. His sharp ears, however, detected from the confusion of the camp—the sound of the ground of galloping horses coming down the river, from the same point whence Wild Will had come dashing into the camp.

A few bounds brought him in a position where he distinctly saw, not a half-mile away, seven horsemen that he knew were white men.

He comprehended in a moment that it would be useless to try and get the Indians into any order to meet the charge of the Rangers. He had seen enough of their fast-shooting guns to know that certain death would come to his people. With a yell of rage he immediately threw off his saddle and mounted his favorite mustang, which had been captured from the Comanche camp, and galloped across the river, from the same point whence Wild Will had come dashing into the camp.

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Stanhope he might have had hopes of making her Mrs. Craig. And it was this friendship which secured young Wells his position.

"Well?"

He was also personally acquainted with Dr. Wells, after him with Col. Stanhope. He knows the latter to have had the *reputation*, at least, of being a bachelier, and consequently not likely to have a son whom he would recognize and associate with his daughter, whose le-

"All of which is very good so far as it goes," interrupted Felix, impatiently. "But, sir, your premises are rather shaky."

"Waiving that, then, suppose it were to be established that the Egbert of our acquaintance bears a striking resemblance to the lamented Dr. Wells, while Adele—"

"Miss Wells, if you please?"

"I beg your pardon! While *Miss Stanhope* as strongly resembles the gallant colonel, the brother and sister having some features in common, would it not appear that the link was through the mother?"

"Recently has Mr. Craig seen the brother and sister?"

"The former not for nineteen years—the latter never."

"Then how can he tell whom they resemble?"

"I am the fortunate possessor of a daguerreotype of the individuals."

"You have a likeness of Miss Stanhope? How did you come possessed of it? I demand it, sir, instantly!"

"All in good time. If you wish it after it has answered its purpose, you shall have it."

"But how did you get it?"

"I was shrewd enough to foresee this exigency, not to mention a predilection for the original of the effigy, and, let us say, *confiscated* it! Now, sir, I purpose to submit this daguerreotype to the examination of the ancient lover; and you will have the benefit of his unbiased judgment."

"When can we see this gentleman?"

"Immediately."

"Very well, sir; I attend you. Lead the way."

"My son, may I not accompany you?" asked Mrs. Cornish.

"Mother, you may trust me now. However this eventuates, I am determined to see the pain of Egbert Stanhope's had!"

"M. Bourdoin, as you have been present during the whole of this affair, I shall be glad of your company, if agreeable to you."

"Merci! (thanks) my friend. Pray command me."

The gentlemen went out together, and fifteen minutes later entered the office of the cotton-broker.

"Are Messrs. Craig & Harney in?" asked Long Jack of the messenger-boy in the outer office.

"Mr. Craig is in his private office," was the reply. "Mr. Harney has not yet returned from the Exchange."

"Conduct us to Mr. Craig."

MR. PAUL HARNEY.

The boy led the way through to an inner office where sat a man of perhaps sixty years of age. He looked like one who had led a tranquil life, but in his eyes there was a shade of melancholy or regret.

"Mr. Craig," said Long Jack, when they had been courteously received and seated, "allow me to introduce you as John Boardman, and my friends—"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Craig—"my partner, Mr. Harney, the gentlemen are Mr. Boardman, and Mr. Cornish—M. Bourdoin."

Mr. Craig started in mild surprise.

Long Jack laughed lightly, to mask the real annoyance he felt.

"A designation of no importance," he said. "These gentlemen are Mr. Cornish, of Memphis, and M. Bourdoin—a cosmopolite, I take it."

Mr. Craig acknowledged the introduction, and for the development of the business of his unexpected guests.

"Mr. Craig," began Jack, "I must ask you to go back twenty years to a messenger-boy named Charles J. Wells. Did you employ such a one?"

Mr. Craig started and turned slightly pale.

"Yes," he replied.

"He was convicted of forgery as set forth in these papers published at that time?"

Long Jack laid the papers before the broker.

"He was so convicted," admitted Mr. Craig, compressing his lips, as if in pain.

"And branded in the palm with the letter F, the rigor of the law being executed upon him because of his obstinate refusal to betray his accomplices to give any clew to the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"In consequence of which not a penny was ever recovered?"

"None was recovered, except what was found on the mother of the boy Wells?"

Again a shadow of pain flashed across the face of the old gentleman. He seemed to struggle a moment; then he said:

"May I ask the purpose of these questions, sir?"

"It is my wish to fix the identity of the boy, now grown to manhood, and to prevent his imposition upon an honorable family whom he is now seeking to deceive."

After a moment Mr. Craig said:

"I knew his mother."

"And her first husband, Dr. Wells?"

"I was acquainted with him for years."

"She subsequently married a Colonel Stanhope?"

"Yes."

"Were you acquainted with him, so that you remember his personal appearance?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you know anything of the Stanhopes subsequent to this marriage? Was there any offspring?"

"She had a daughter."

"Named—"

"Adele."

"Good!" cried Jack, radiantly. "We are getting on better than I expected. Now, sir, do you know whether Colonel Stanhope had a son by any marriage previous to his union with Mrs. Wells?"

"He was a bachelor, sir."

"The boy Wells was confined in prison two years."

"Yes."

"What became of him after that?"

"I know nothing further of him."

"You do not know whether he lived in the house of his step-father?"

"No. Colonel Stanhope left New Orleans about the time the boy's term in prison expired."

"To go North?"

"I do not know. I have lost all track of him and his family for seventeen years."

"Now, sir, can you give us any idea what sort of man Dr. Wells was?"

"He was tall and of commanding presence, with dark hair and eyes, straight nose, firm mouth, and a chin indicative of resolution."

"Was he a man calculated to influence women strongly?"

"I believe that he owed much of his professional success to his magnetic power over the opposite sex."

"Thank you. Can you now describe Colonel Stanhope?"

"He was the antipodes of Dr. Wells. He was much smaller, with light hair and blue eyes. He lacked the dignity of the other man, but was so full of stirring, vigorous life that he too easily impressed his will upon others."

"Excuse me for trespassing on your patience so long. I am nearly done. Lastly, what sort of a woman was Mrs. Wells, afterward Mrs. Stanhope?"

"A change passed over Mr. Craig's face. He cleared his throat, as if to relieve that constiction caused by painful memories. He drew his silk handkerchief across his eyes and forehead, and then rubbed it in his hands.

When he spoke, his voice was low, with a certain degree of tenderness.

"She was a woman of exquisite gentleness, all of whose life was in her love," he said.

Felix thought of Adele, and could hardly repress a groan.

"In person," pursued the old man, with a far-away look, as if he were with the phantom his recollection conjured up before him—"in person she was remarkable for delicacy, elegance, refinement. I don't know that I make myself clear; but there are women who in dress and demeanor impress one as the impersonation of a poem. She was to humanity what Parian marble is to art."

But here the old gentleman suddenly checked himself and actually blushed faintly. Strangers could have little sympathy with his heart-pictures.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said. "Of course you have only to do with her physical appearance. She was rather small, with brown hair of a medium shade, and gray eyes."

"Sir, your descriptions have more than met my expectations," said Long Jack.

He then produced from his pocket a daguerreotype of the style common twenty years ago. Opening it, he screened half the likeness while holding a piece of paper over it, leaving revealed the picture of Adele Stanhope.

At sight of this Felix trembled with anger and pain, and could scarcely restrain his impulse to snatch it from Long Jack's hands.

"What do you think of that picture?" asked the gambler, extending it toward Mr. Craig.

The old gentleman wiped his spectacles and gazed at it in silence, until his eyes grew humid.

"Is it *her daughter*?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes. Does it resemble her?"

"In expression, yes. There is all the gentleness and sensitiveness. Physically she is as much a reproduction of the father as the difference of sex would permit. She has her features exactly refined."

"Now, sir, what do you think of this?"

And Long Jack drew the paper from before Egbert, who was represented seated, while Adele leaned with her peculiar grace on his shoulder.

"It is her boy," said the old man, in a tone of sadness. "He is the image of his father at that age. She would never be convinced of his guilt; and perhaps it was better so; it would have killed her to believe him unworthy. It is given to few of us to be loved as she loved!"

And the sigh that arose to his lips was only partially repressed.

Felix arose, looking stern and pale.

"Mr. Craig," he said, "this is sufficient. We need not longer trespass upon your time. You have done a service which I cannot hope to reciprocate—I can only thank you."

But here the office-boy stuck his head in at the door and said:

"Mr. Harney, sir."

A strange smile came to Long Jack's lips, but instantly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. PAUL HARNEY.

In the doorway stood a man of perhaps fifty years of age. There was a stoop in his shoulders, so that he never held his head erect. He looked out from under his brows with restless eyes; and he had a trick, too, of rubbing his hands over the other, as if he were washing them.

The characteristic expression of his face was weakness, which was heightened by his sallow complexion.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Craig—"my partner, Mr. Harney. The gentlemen are Mr. Boardman, and Mr. Cornish—M. Bourdoin."

Mr. Harney had cast one glance round the room, and his bilious countenance had turned a dirty gray. He now acknowledged the introduction with a faint bow.

"Sir, your coming is very opportune," said Long Jack, advancing and extending his hand cordially. "I can hardly consider myself a total stranger to you, though it is now nearly twenty years since I had the honor of meeting you. The dead Past never seems to bury its dead."

Long Jack came near whistling with surprise. Here was Roman justice with a vengeance. It took him some time to digest the new aspect of affairs. Finally he came to see it in the light of an additional humiliation to Egbert, perhaps, rather than anends to himself.

Presently he asked:

"Where do you wish my attendance?"

"At Riverside."

"When?"

"The fifteenth of this month."

Felix reflected a moment.

"The boat is due at noon. Allow an hour to reach Riverside. Another hour to the toilet after travel."

Aloud he said:

"At two in the afternoon."

"I will be punctual."

A pause of a moment, and Long Jack said:

"I presume I can be of no further use to you now."

"None whatever!" replied Felix, with a hearty laugh that imparted its meaning to the words.

"Then, sir, until the fifteenth?"

The gambler raised his hat with mock courtesy, a smiling sneer on his lips.

"M. Bourdoin, au revoir!"

And he departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

HONOR VS. LOVE.

A LOW, mocking laugh from the gambler's lips reached Felix Cornish's ears. In his humiliation the pain the lover rested his hand upon M. Bourdoin's shoulder. Here, at least, was a true friend.

"Ah! mon ami," murmured the Frenchman, "he note ze jeet of ze rascal. He is bote ze instrument of justice. *Parbleu!* shall we quarrel vis ze pot because of ze smut!—bote we shall quarrel."

"And, mon ami, shall not I accompany you?"

"I am rejoiced at an opportunity to serve you."

"Then, sir, that we start home by the next boat."

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